GET BETTER

ISSUE 2

COPYRIGHT 2014 BY SOMEONE WHOLE RECENT EVENTS HAVE ME THINKING STRANGE THOUGHTS AND NOT KNOWING WHO I AM NOT THAT I'VE EVER REALLY KNOWN BUT I KNOW IT'S BECAUSE OF HER. I MISS YOUR INFLUENCE

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2013
CELEBRA
EL
PODER
DEL
PUEBLO!
ES ILEGAL!
POLICIA FUERA!
LOS DIPUESTOS AL
LOS RICOS!
FIN A LA
MINALIZACIÓN
LOS TRABAJADORES!
DESFILE DEL DÍA INTERNACIONAL DE LOS TRABAJADORES!
CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL TO THE STATE HOUSE (LLEGAMOS 5PM)
MAYDAY
2013

CINDERBLOCKS

The difference between, *you and me* that is, is I got a conscience that's *out to get* me and once it does I won't be coming *back from this one*. Holy, *dear god almighty*, I have found myself in *the dark crevasses* that contain all that *I am* and all I will be to live free, breathe air, *rebirth* myself in nature's scenery. Tonight *I chose to inhale* your breaths as I always do and always will; your air is sulfur gas *poison* and I would not have it another. I sat alone for the last time today if *the last time* I sit alone is *by your side* then maybe it's about time *I stopped* being so solitary. One time *I believed* in god and that he would save me and I accidentally found myself in Sunday school with *dirt in my mouth* proclaiming that I could not nor would ever believe in holy capabilities. We threw down our *voices the moment the earth shook* sound, frightened by *the idea of the ending* dawn of time, anxious for anxiety to kick in, kickback, react ready for the vile vantage points. There is *a foot* and a half long hair *in my bed* that feels both rubbery and obscure because I am a monogamous romantic and my life is falling apart *too hard for a lover*, even the one who does love me. Homogeneous geometry fall right through planar *existence when two* lines make a point and *merge* a solar pixelation cross-boundary, cross *your arms* and sleep, my dear. If this bus tips over, I want to be *the one who hovers* mid-air and reaches out *one last time to the person I love* seated across, and I want them to *know my name*; I've never met a sailor but I'll know their kind until *the ground surges twice*.

The End of Days Missed Me Again

There Will Always Be The Next

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Do I Stay

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Body

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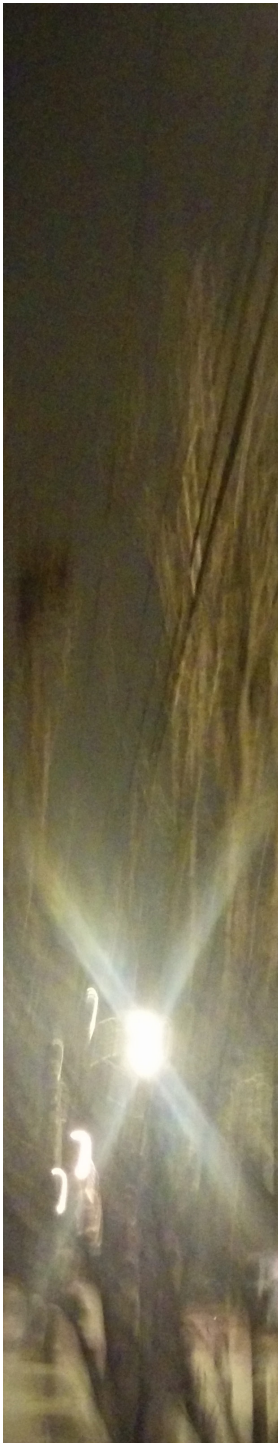
Connect

My Skin Will Never Be As Subtle

Neither Your Hands As Steady



Reasons to

How many more pounds does it take,
Till your heart fails,
Besides the mind's slow decay?
And how many more hits can you take,
Being the monster you are-
YOU ARE NOT INVINCIBLE.

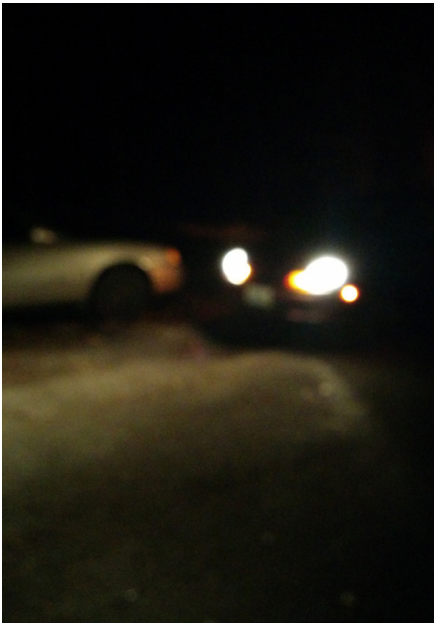
Your headaches are frustration,
And the type of it you cannot escape,
And dehydration is adding space,
Between where you choose to believe in;
TO LOSE FAITH IN EVERYTHING,
That everyone loves us over-
The little details that you contain.

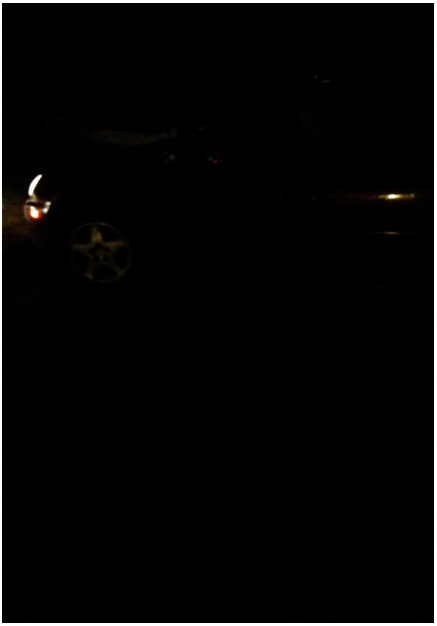
I cannot think of a single reason,
To make it to tomorrow.
And I know:
I WILL MAKE IT TO TOMORROW.

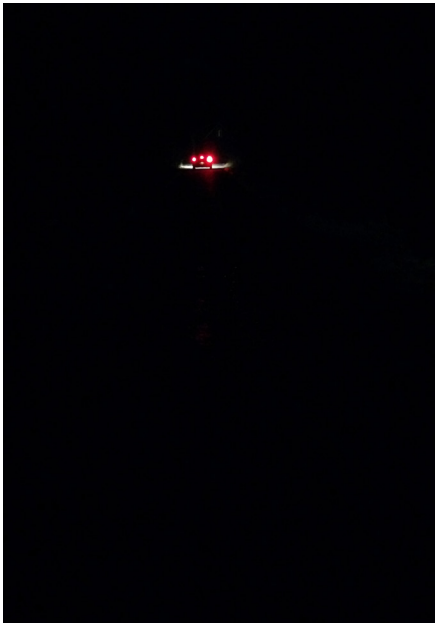
Congruent

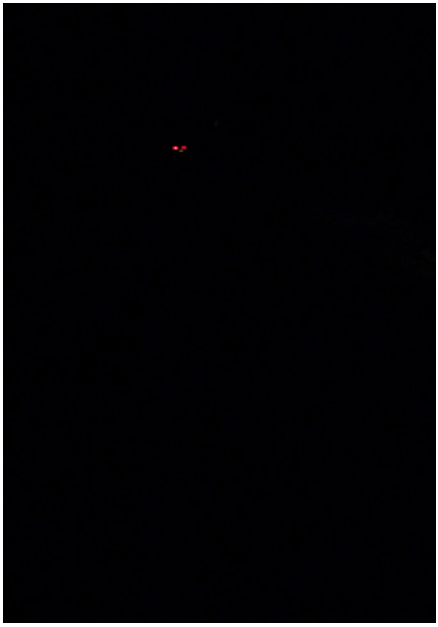
It snowed on March 31st,
And you said I wanted you to leave.
If only I didnt bite my nails.
If only I ate the inside of my mouth,
And all of my teeth fell out of my head.
I would at least have something,
To talk about.

I want to sever every hair from my body,
These are the strings that keep me whole,
And light the earth beneath my feet,
So I can walk on water.







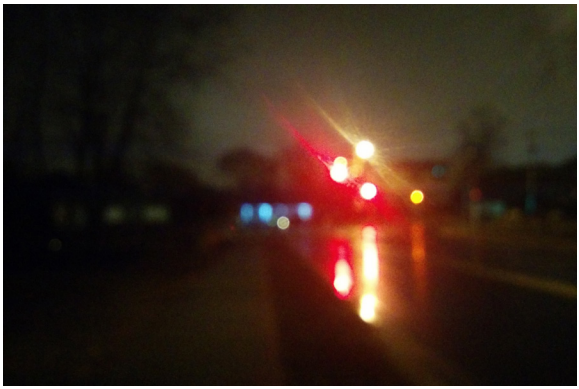


how it looks when you go

people

americana

APRIL



we are never getting out of here
RECORDS